

Posted by u/Aussie_Endavour **Human** 16 hours ago

Flowers

OC OC

What is their next move? The assault on human space was an utter failure. Now I'm stuck in this stupid chamber with no way of knowing what the humans will do next. The cup of water sits in front of me, but I can't give in. It's probably poisoned. The vase that sits nearby is full of what I assume is flora from Earth, I've tried to knock it over, but the restraints don't let me reach any more than 2 metres away. The doors open and one of them steps in.

"Good evening. You know, you should drink that before you die of dehydration."

"It's poisoned, you can't pretend that you aren't trying to kill me."

"You think we poisoned it... you know you are a prisoner of war, right?"

"You think I'm at your mercy, but I won't go down without a fight!"

I try my best to spit at them, but I can't get enough moisture into my mouth.

"We could literally just give you a lethal injection if we really wanted to. Why the fuck would we give you poisoned water?"

"You can't use your human mind tricks on me fiend!"

They pause for a moment.

"You think we are the 'fiends' after your species tried to destroy the Sirius system."

"Humans are weeds, you are not deserving of a place among the stars."

The human walks over to the vase and pulls out a plant, holding it between their digits.

"I see you like using metaphors and allegories. I guess I could join in on that. Your species thinks that humans are weeds disguised as flowers. You think we are not deserving of blooming, and so you have tried to pluck us out of the soil. You do not consider whether or not we wish to grow and thrive, only that we somehow impede on your ability to do the same."

They blow on the plant they have in their hand, scattering what I assume are seeds.

"You think we are Dandelions."

"You are a disgrace among the species of the galaxy, no sane person would see you as anything differently."

"That is where you are mistaken."

They put the 'Dandelion' back in the vase, and pull out another.

"There are species that see us as delicate beings that must be protected. They take us under their wings and provide us with safety and care, they think us fragile. They assume we will crumble at the first sight of trouble, and that we would have no chance to bloom if left to fend for ourselves in the dangerous garden of the cosmos."

The plant they hold seems to have folded in their hand.

"They think we are Mimosas."

Again, they replace the plant they hold another.

"Others pretend to think that way, when in reality they only try to use us to better themselves. They pluck our petals one by one, using them for their own gain. They praise us for being saviours and great friends, when they only want what we have. When every petal is taken, and only the stalk remains, they no longer have a use for us."

The golden petals fall to the ground.

"They think we are Marigolds."

"We are the only sane ones then, they thought you had some worth, we knew you were better off dead."

They hesitate for a second before reaching for another.

"On the contrary, there were some who saw us as dangerous. They stayed far from us, afraid that we would poison their garden bed, not unlike you right now. They saw us as utterly toxic to the galaxy, and that we would be its ruin, their best chance of survival was to pretend we weren't there, and to avoid at all costs."

The purple flower falls near the gold petals.

"They think we are Nightshades."

They reach for the final plant left untouched and hold it in front of their chest.

"Let me tell you what we really are. Our species could have been the greatest allies. Two gorgeous aromas intertwined, amplifying each other and bringing colour to a grayscale sky. Our species is one of love, of connection and trust. But what happens when you break that trust?"

They grip the plant tightly and flinch for a second.

"If you try and harm us, if you try and take control of our home, and our people... You will bleed, and the sting will stay for eons."

They walk towards me and place the plant near the glass of water, it has a single thorn on the stem, dripping a red fluid. The smell of iron fills the air.

"We are Roses."